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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELO."

(Concluded from page 145.)

It was the third day now
Since Benedetta had been called, and far
Into the lonely night. The helpful Sister —
Obedient to her cloister's rigid rules,
To hasten back into its walls at eve —
Had long departed; poor old Nina, too,
Gone for an hour to seek much-needed rest,
As Benedetta urged, who sat alone
Near Sanzio's couch.

He moved but rarely, rapt
In peaceful, dreamless slumber, it appeared,
With quiet breath, and placid lip and brow.
The room was silent, and the shaded lamp
Cast but a feeble light, and so at length,
Weared with much unwonted care and watching,
She laid her head upon her arm, for but
A moment's rest; yet soon unwittingly
The heavy eyelids fell, unconsciousness
Stole over all her senses, and she slept
In peace untroubled. Slept so long and deep,
She heard and saw no more, and heeded not
That time rolled swiftly onward; never knew
That from the city churches far and near
Hour after hour pealed out, and how towards midnight
A gradual change, a fitful restlessness,
Came upon Sanzio, — that he moaned and tossed,
With trembling lips and a contracted brow,
And grasped at things unseen, with feeble hands.
Later a hush fell on him; he lay still,
And in a moment opened large, clear eyes,
That slowly gazing round rested on her;
And suddenly he rose up, and stretching out
His arms to her, called softly, "Benedetta!"
Then he fell back, — his eyes closed, a great light
Passed like a burst of glory o'er his face
And swiftly faded, and a long-drawn sigh
Broke from his lips.

It was the early morning,
Whose ray well-nigh put out the yellow lamp,
When Benedetta woke, startled at last
By a strange, sombre dream. She walked alone
On a long, weary road with aching feet,
Yet ever on before, and leading her
Further and further, flew a snow-white dove,
Until the city towers rose in her sight,
And her guide paused, alighting on a roof.
And looking up she found 't was Sanzio's house,
And the white dove transformed into a raven,
Whose wings o'ershadowed it from top to base.
She started hastily up, and glanced about
The unfamiliar room in vague surprise,
Then flew to Sanzio's side with anxious heart.

He lay,
His arms still half outstretched, yet motionless,
The soft, brown hair clustering about his brow
And drooping on his shoulders, and his face
Turned towards the window, through whose undrawn curtains
The first sweet flush of dawn stole gently in,
Tinting his cheeks with a faint glow of life,
While the closed lips and eyes had caught and kept
A dim reflection of that burst of light
In whose transfiguring glory he had passed;

And on his pallid brow serenest calm,
A full, unutterably deep content
Had quenched the sadness of that yearning look
That once had cast its sober shadow there.
Yet something in the peace on that still brow
Awoke sudden, awful pang of fear
In Benedetta's heart, and she bent down
To kiss the smiling lips.

But as she touched them,
A great, wild cry rang through the silent house,
A cry wherein it seemed unto herself
Her soul leaped from its rended tenement,
And left an empty, crumbling shell behind;
As in a dizzy vision she beheld
A lifeless figure that was not her own,
Fall prostrate over Sanzio's quiet form,
Burying her face upon his breast, unmoved
By any faintest breath or pulse of life,
And twine her arm round his unbending neck,
While a mad gush of tears burst from her eyes.

O Sanzio, Sanzio! Oh, my love, my love!
Oh, even in the night and while I slept,
Must thou go from me, and alone, alone,
Set out upon thy fearful way, my soul!
Were the wild words that rang incessantly
Through swooning heart and brain, that had no thought
For God or life eternal, when once more
Slowly her reeling consciousness returned,
And the lost spirit, coming from afar,
Crept shivering back through every aching sense.
Before her, as she lay with eyes still closed,
Above, below, around on every side,
There rolled and whirled and tossed in mad confusion
A chaos of black, shadowy, shifting clouds,
A night in whose blind darkness naught was clear,
Save that a fierce, intolerable fire,
A piercing anguish, like a living flame,
Was burning up her heart, and that the tears
Whose flood streamed on and on resistlessly,
Were hot and sharp and bitter past endurance,
And seemed to sear the heavy, smarting lids,
Whence they must burst a passage out.

How long
She thus hung over him with quivering frame
And fevered brow, she knew not; but at last,
As though the fountains of her grief were drained,
And in them all her life had flowed away,
Her tears ran dry, and she lay motionless,
Even as the dead himself, but turned her head
And pressed her cheek to his. And gazing now
Upon the troubled waters surging round,
In the dim, far-off distance, she perceived,
A feeble speck of whiteness, more than light;
Yet it grew larger, brighter, drew more near,
Until it swelled into a luminous point,
And then a shining star, that stood quite close
Above her, yet receding into space, —
And suddenly it seemed as though the earth
Had sunk away below her, and she floated
Upward into the air, so gently first
She could not tell when it began, but soon
With soft, swifter motion gradually,
Following the star, which streamed from out its heart
A mild, yet ever deep and deeper radiance,
That all the space around with brightness filled,
Till the star vanished and dissolved at last
In the wide golden glow, and she was borne,
As through a sea of moving, throbbing light,
Vast, measureless, unfathomed, without end,
Without beginning, whose small, countless waves
Lapping each other, spread in beaming circles,
Still gathering fuller glory on their way,
Further and further, till they lost themselves
In purpling, dim infinitudes. And still
Her flight went on and on, she ever rose
Higher and yet higher, till suddenly, close above
And swiftly floating downward, she beheld
A heavenly form, — clad in white, flowing robes,
A golden halo round his head, that shone
Still brightly even through this flood of light, —
Who bent a smiling countenance on her.
Was it the Saviour, — the dear Lord Himself?
She thought, and a great thrill passed through her soul,
Or could it be, — Oh, Heaven, the features changed
And shifted strangely, — Sanzio, Sanzio, mayhap?
And a faint cry of joy sprang to her lips,
As she stretched out her hands.

She saw them seized,
Felt herself folded to a throbbing heart,
And a mute kiss upon her brow, and then
In deep, unutterable ecstasy,
Fancied she closed her eyes, and knew no more
Through long, unconscious hours.

When she awoke

The mellow evening light was in the room,
Her own small chamber, where she lay alone
Upon her couch; yet a deep, peaceful calm
Filled all her senses, and she thought of him,
Of his white, smiling lips, without a pang;
Even the swift tears, that would flow forth again
As that last image rose within her sight,

Seemed sweet and soothing. "Oh, my Love, my Sanzio!"
She whispered, "Aye, I understand thee now,
And what it was in my unconscious heart,
My childish love, that could not satisfy
The deeper needs of thy immortal soul!
But yet thou wilt forgive me where I failed!
I loved thee with what feeble power I knew,
I gave thee all the simple soul I had,
Thou first and only love of all my life!"
And with a joy unspeakable, remembered
How he had told her still, he was made glad
By their dear love, that she had been to him
The brightest dream of all his wayward days.
Remembered, too, those other words of his, —
"He ordereth all, and ordereth all things well,
His will be done!" — and meekly clasped her hands.
But oh, where was he! — thought she then. "Wherefore
Have they thus parted us?"

In one dark night
Sanzio's sweet bud had burst into full flower,
But what a storm-tossed, broken form was that
Which slowly rose, and with unsteady steps
And outspread hands, like one half-blind, who feels
More than he sees his path, groped her dim way
Out through the door!

Not far from it she came
On the good Sister, who put out her hand,
And kindly said, "You here, my poor, dear child!
I came to see if you were yet awake."

But Benedetta, sinking on her knees,
Cried out, "Oh, mother, sister, friend! take me
To your still home! I have sought left to live for
Save memory and God!"

And raising her,
The Sister fondly clasped the fresh, young life,
So wrung with sorrow, to the aged heart
That long had done with tears. Then silently
Led forward her who bowed her weary head
Upon the friendly shoulder. Yet she asked,
"Will you not come and look upon his face?"
As turning down a corridor, they saw
At its far end a chamber hung in black,
Through whose wide doors streamed a sweet cloud of perfume,

The breath of flowers and incense blent. A throng
Of weeping mourners pressed about the bier,
That stood with roses and dark violets strewn,
And many glimmering tapers set around,
While at its head rose up the last great work,
Whereat the busy hands had paused forever,
Leaving it incomplete, yet shining far
In undimmed glory, — the transfigured Lord.

A quiver passed through Benedetta's frame, —
Oh, now she understood the strange, sharp pang
That seized upon her unsuspecting soul,
When she beheld it first!

"Oh, no," she said,
And shuddering turned away, "He is not there!"
And the new wound began to bleed afresh.

For yet a third time, joyous as of old,
Had come the hope of summer, when two friends
Rode through the gates of the Eternal City.
Another spring, another setting sun,
An eve like that — and yet, great God, how changed!
Was the mute thought of both, and looking back,
One with a passionate gesture stretched his arms
Towards the gray town they speedily left behind,
And cried aloud, "City, where is thy king!"
Then dropped them listless by his side, his head
Sinking upon his breast.

"Nay, Baldassar," —
The other gently asked, and touched his hand,
"Can you not yet forget, — be comforted
Even for a little while?"

"Forget, Giovanni, —
In such an hour as this!" he cried again, —
"Forget, — oh, never, never! All the world
Is darker since he left it!"

Thus they rode
Long in unbroken silence, heedlessly
Suffering their steeds to choose the way, who climbed
Of their free will the gently rising path
Near the gray Cloister on the Hill. Again
The pious women two by two walked forth,
In the last golden light of fading day;
Again their murmured chants rose softly up,
And a sweet bell from somewhere far away
Sent out its faint, vibrating sounds, that died
On the clear air but slowly. Yet those two
Saw naught, nor heard, when suddenly Baldassar
Cried in a hasty whisper, "Hold, look there!"
And putting out his hand, stayed his companion.

They checked their horses. Further up the road,
On a small hillock near a Virgin's shrine,
Sat a young sister, round whose slender form
The rosy evening glow played lovingly.
The long, white veil that framed the beauteous face
And floated round her shoulders, half concealed

The simple, dark-hued cloister garb; her hands
Lay lightly folded in her lap, and clasped
An ebony crucifix, hung from her girdle
By a fine silver chain. Profound repose,
Yet something of brave, bright, still-flowing life,
And strength unbroken, in her face and form,
She rested motionless, — so still, it seemed
A breath scarce stirred the gently heaving breast,
With a faint smile on the half-parted lips,
And a soft radiance on the up-turned face,
While a deep light beamed in the eyes she fixed
Upon the first great, tremulous star, high up
In the flushed heavens above her.

"Benedetta!"

Said Baldassare, in low tones at last,
When he had gazed upon her image long, —
"Madonna — plead and make thy prayers for us!
Forget not on those shining, heavenly heights
Thy soul has gained, that our sore hearts still grope
In pathways full of darkness! Thou, sweet saint,
Surely hast need of mortal aid no more!"
Then added slowly, "She has found the peace
That passeth understanding! Let us go!"
And turning back, they rode away unseen.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 148.)

HAYDN and Mozart are names which the world likes to couple with Beethoven, and designate as masters of the "Vienna school." Their piano works indeed contain much that is beautiful and excellent, including some things really significant (for example, the A-minor Sonata, the C-minor Fantasia, the G-minor Quartet, and several of the Concertos of Mozart). But all that these two great masters have created in piano-forte music seems of subordinate importance compared with their extraordinary activity in the whole wide field of music. Especially is this the case with Haydn, who was but a mediocre piano player himself, whereas Mozart can be counted among the most important virtuosos of his time. Moreover, Haydn found the instrument itself, which had not then begun to be very much in fashion, a still more meagre one than that used by his great successor, who came upon the stage of the world and of art some decades later. His chief aim was directed to the orchestra, which owes to him, above all men, its more modern (not the newest!) development. Hence it is easily conceivable that the thin-toned clavichord of that day could not stimulate his artistic fancy to the same degree as the so-called string-Quartet and the orchestral Symphony, in which it unfolded the most splendid blossoms.

On the other hand we must here name, in the period mostly preceding Beethoven, at least one master artist, Clementi, who in many of his very numerous Sonatas had already developed the resources of the instrument in a high degree, and who was himself still more of a virtuoso than Mozart, whom he long outlived. In this art-form (the Piano Solo Sonata), which he cultivated exclusively, so far as I know, he produced much that is uncommonly fine, charming, lovely, full of soul, including some things quite incomparable in this way. I need only cite the two Sonatas in C, and that in D major (Nos. 40, 53, and 55, in the Breitkopf and Härtel collection of sixty-four Sonatas), as examples, which every piano player ought to have in his repertoire. The fancy of this artist was mostly directed to the graceful, the refined, the tender, and the humorous. But a passionate vein also pulsates

in his music, which makes him sometimes aspire to the grandiose and rise to a mightier expression, as in his B-minor Sonata (No. 57), partly, also, in the one in G-minor (No. 64), which is superscribed "Didone abbandonata." Several of his Adagios have an enchanting tenderness and thrilling depth of expression. His form is close, precise, so that in this respect his works for the most part may pass for classic models. On the other hand, it must not be concealed that this master is very unequal in his works, and that a great, perhaps the greater, number of his Sonatas seem to be rather weak, sketchy, fugitive productions, incapable of life to-day, beside which those other genuine children of a genial inspiration shine in all the more brilliant light, and deserve to be all the more cherished.

Unquestionably, taken as a whole, the works of Beethoven form the crown of all that has been done, since Bach, in instrumental, and particularly in piano-forte music, above all in this form of art (the Sonata). Beethoven,—that hero of the musical art, whom Hans von Bülow once called, with an expression which sounds extravagant, yet not entirely ill-chosen, the "incarnate god of music," and to whom Cornelius, the great painter, referred with the admiring words: "That was an artist," a word which in all its plainness from such a mouth meant as much as when the first Napoleon, after an interview with Goethe, exclaimed to those about him: "Voilà un homme!" To characterize the incommensurable greatness which Beethoven's art unfolded before the eyes and ears of the astonished world during the three decades (about) in which he wrought, would here be quite impossible; but fortunately I may spare myself the mere attempt, since it has already been made in countless writings, to which it has been my privilege to contribute here and there a mite in the course of my life. Let it suffice here to say, that, after and with the works of Bach, those of Beethoven must form the principal study of those who wish to gain artistic culture through the study of piano playing, and who feel the impulse to take up into themselves the noblest and the highest which art has produced in this department.

But there is one element in this exceeding greatness of Beethoven, which is recognized by nearly all the parties into which the musical world is as much divided as the political; and that is his (comparative) *universality*, — just the same peculiarity that characterizes the greatest poets of modern times: Shakespeare, and the next greatest, Goethe, and that has made this trefoil of genius a true light of a whole age. This (I repeat it, relative) universality, which includes all tones of the human breast, from the most tender to the most powerful and thrilling; which wanders through the whole scale of human feeling, so far as it may reveal itself in tones (and in what art has it revealed itself with more power and depth!); which conjures up before us now a lovely idyl, then again a picture of the boldest humor (Beethoven was master of that in all its shades), only to lift us again to the highest heights and plunge us into the deepest depths of tragedy; which smiles on us with the innocent eyes of childhood, and anon comes roaring in the storm of demoniacal powers and forces (spirits, however, always

chained by art!); which now sinks into the soul of the people and sings their simplest melodies, and then again, as in the cycle of songs "To the distant loved one," soars to the sublimest heights of feeling; which in *Fidelio* has sung to us in heavenly tones the song of changeless constancy, as in the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony the song of world-embracing love: this primeval power, which with giant arms has sucked into itself the marrow of the earth, crystallized into tones, and then, in unexampled estrangement from the world, dies away in the ethereal bliss of self-dissolution (so to speak): this harmonious mood, which embraces all positive ideals of humanity (gleaming so clearly through his compositions) with a loving and a reverent fervor, and then again with world-annihilating humor flies away beyond them all: this unexampled and immense Protean power, by the side of which stood an equally gigantic, an exhaustless, purely musical inventive, plastic faculty: this exceeding power and fullness, this harmony between extremes opposite, is what I would lay the chief stress on, in considering, or in merely mentioning, the works of Beethoven.

Of Beethoven's works, taken collectively, the same thing holds that has been said of Shakespeare's, and in general, too, of Goethe's, that no one of his works is like another; each describes its magic circle more or less from a distinct centre. This is the case with nearly all his Sonatas for piano-forte solo, only a few excepted. They stand, collectively, alike from the ideal, the poetic, and from the purely musical stand-point, incomparably high above all that has been created in this field by earlier or later masters. They indicate the highest perfection of this kind of art, to which the Sonata works of Haydn and Mozart, and of course also those of Clementi, are mere preliminary steps, just as Bach's repeatedly mentioned great fugue work (which contains the gist of all creations of the sort) appears the supreme canon of that kind of art. And the same is true, also, of all his Duos, Trios, Quatuors, and not less of his Concertos, among which I might designate the Piano Concerto in E-flat, and the Violin Concerto, as the highest ideal of the kind.

The form of the Sonata under Beethoven's hands shows no essential change from that which it received through his great predecessors; only he has given it great expansion through the mighty soul which he breathed into it, so much so that from his first to his last works of this kind it has grown continually, until the ideal contents (*Inhalt*) with which he filled it in some of his last Sonatas, like the gigantic Op. 106, and the entirely unique, sphinx-like Ninth Symphony, at last actually overstepped all artistic bounds, — at least in the final movements, which seem already like forerunners of the anarchy, which more recently has broken into the domain of art. I can but allude to those extensive, broad Adagios, swollen with mightiest respirations; there is but little, at all events, in this whole field of art that can compare with them in soulful depth and inwardness. Also the Scherzo, which Beethoven for the most part puts in the place of the earlier Minuet, deserves special mention, since this form of expression seems entirely a product of the Beethoven

genius, in which he really is unapproachable.

And there is still one more form to which Beethoven has given the highest perfection, namely, the Variation. This — both in his greater works, where it appears only as an integral part of a greater whole, and in some independent works of this kind — he has endowed with a richness of invention and treated with a freedom, with which there is little to be compared in the works of his great predecessors (if we except the mighty Variation works of Bach which we have mentioned), a freedom which indeed becomes almost willful in the Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, but which, in the Variations on a theme from the *Sinfonia Eroica*, has produced, perhaps the noblest, the most genial, most brilliant work of this kind, — one which, moreover, seems remarkable on account of its well-nigh "modern" virtuoso treatment of the piano-forte technique.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (1879).

MAX BRUCH'S LAY OF THE BELL.

REVERTING to Herr Max Bruch's *Lay of the Bell*, the question first arises whether the composer was altogether happy in his choice of a theme. We are growing somewhat more critical than heretofore on this matter. At one time anything was thought good enough to be — as Wagner would put it — set to music. Pathos or bathos, an expression of sentiment or a logarithmic table, — all was one to composers content to tack on strains which their nominal subject neither inspired nor befitted. But this deplorable age has passed, and though the faults of our own time are many we have at least come to demand that words used for music shall be such as are adapted for — nay, such as require — musical expression. The perception of such words, however, is a gift which does not appear to be bestowed upon everybody. *Apropos*, there is a very pregnant passage in one of Mendelssohn's letters to his sister. Referring to a composition from her clever pen, the master said : —

"At the beginning of the air alone are the words vigorous and spirited, and from them emanated the whole of your lovely piece of music. The music of the choruses is, of course, good, for it is written by you, but it seems to me . . . as if it were not necessarily what it is; indeed, as if it might have been differently composed. This arises from the poetry not demanding any particular music. . . . I would advise you to be more cautious in the choice of your words, because, after all, it is not everything in the Bible, even if it suits the theme, that is suggestive of music."

Here we have Wagner's theory on the same subject before Wagner announced it, and here also a true test by which to judge the fitness of a composer's theme. Words must suggest music, and that with such definiteness that the music must be necessarily what it is. Applying this test to Herr Bruch's choice of Schiller's poem, the result is not satisfactory. Beyond question there are many passages in *Das Lied von der Glocke* which ask for musical expression in irresistible accents, but there are many others which do nothing of the kind — passages such as the old Italian composers of operas would have given to "speaking recitative," or which the Germans, leaving them to dialogue, would pass over. What, for instance, is the music demanded by such lines as these ? —

"Wie sich schon die Pfeiffern bräunen!
Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein;
Seh'n wir's übergla'st erscheinen,
Wird's zum Guse zeitung sein."

One may hit this verse anywhere without getting a musical ring out of it, and if Herr Bruch's cantata be a dull one it is principally because he had to deal with so many like it, and solemnly brought to bear the whole apparatus of his art, grinding the wind with a vast amount of noise and whirling wheels. When the composer has to do with really musical words he is often happy, but otherwise he simply affords an illustration of the fact that you cannot grow grapes on a thorn-tree, nor pick figs from a thistle. In saying this, I do not lose sight of the fact that Romberg set music to the same poem, and that his work still lives in the enjoyment of widespread favor. But Romberg treated the theme in a much simpler fashion than Herr Bruch — an observer of modern custom — could well follow, passing lightly over the unmusical portions of his text, and fastening upon those really lyrical or dramatic. Thus, Romberg had an advantage not enjoyed by Bruch. A composer must now be "intense," or nothing, and roll his eyes in a fine frenzy, even if he set to music the multiplication table.

Herr Bruch is very intense throughout this *Lay of the Bell*. His fires are as lurid as those which dart from the melting furnace, and the poor master-workman is not allowed to say, "Well, we'll now begin the casting," without a degree of "agonizing" which must materially add to the heat of his labors. Vainly do we ask, as the cantata goes on, for some repose. How the repose should come we do not stipulate. Let it be a commonplace duet in thirds and sixths, or a little instrumental episode, with a pretty accompanied melody for the violins. Anything you please, Herr Bruch, to relieve the ear from that ponderous orchestration, and the eye from those gladiatorial strivings. But, no! Herr Bruch thunders away like a general who depends upon his heavy artillery, and there is a great deal of resultant noise, together with much smoke. Herein, however, the composer is but a victim to fashion. Music is nowadays very much an affair of nerves, and everybody knows that stimulants soon lose their effect unless the dose be from time to time increased. So, no doubt, our orchestras will continue to grow, and our composers to devise combinations more and more thrilling, till the nerves can respond no longer, and some one discovers that the real purpose of music is to affect the mind and heart rather than the ganglionic centres whence issue the "creeps."

Let us now see what is good in Herr Bruch's work. In the first place, it shows a knowledge how to produce orchestral effects, even if that knowledge be not always judiciously used. This, however, is a very common merit, because it is more easily acquired now than in the past, when the resources available were smaller. Herr Bruch's scoring is essentially modern, — in other words, a play of color rather than of graceful or striking forms, the color always as brilliant as he can make it. The result diverts the eye in a great measure from aught else, and whether, in a work of the kind, orchestra or voices should have the first place is a question needless to discuss. Nevertheless, the fact that Herr Bruch holds rank as a successful colorist should be mentioned for such credit as it may deserve. It is even more essential to point out that his treatment of lyrical subjects, especially those which are very tender in sentiment, shows real feeling and aptitude. To passion he is seldom equal, but when not required to fathom its depths he commands a large need of approval. In this *Lay of the Bell*, for instance, we have a chorus,

referring to the joy of a child's birth, admirable alike in workmanship and expression. So with a tenor solo and chorus concerning the days of youth and love, and, for the same reason, a trio, "Peace benignant, gentle concord," should be classed among beautiful things, while a largely developed chorus, "Hallowed order," is masterly in construction and suggestive in character. On the level of these efforts Herr Bruch is at his best. Here he writes with true feeling, and reaches our hearts. As a master of melody, he never, perhaps, asserts himself with the fullness to be desired, but his phrases, when spontaneous, lack neither sentiment nor beauty. Having to ascend higher or go lower, he gives us less pleasure. Herr Bruch, as we now see him, is not fit for the "Ercles vein."

Dramatic vigor with him becomes mere empty clamor, while his cry *de profundis* is too often labored and dull. The fire chorus, for example, and that in which the horrors of civil strife are depicted, have no genuine power. The music would serve for anything else requiring noise, and is but an uproar in rhythm. With regard to the composer's treatment of the more profound and solemn portions of his text, it is clear that he does not atoms for going out of his depth by elaboration of manner. Herr Bruch seems to have a horror of being simple; yet simplicity would have served his turn better here than any amount of studied effort. When Handel, in his *Messiah*, approached the mystery of Incarnation, he, giant as he was, put the sacred words, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive," into recitative. Herr Bruch, apparently, would have stormed around them with his entire force, and, after all, left them untouched.

Another characteristic of this music is its polyphony. Our composer is not a mere chord monger. He has a fancy for "real parts," and goes on writing them, not only with skill, but with indiscriminateness. In the solos the complexity of the orchestral accompaniment is often a cause of embarrassment, while the more important choruses are rendered needlessly difficult by a movement of parts without apparent object or obvious result. Intricate details are sometimes necessary to the working out of a composer's themes, and then they exist for their own sake, and stand in the first place. But when they are non-essential, or buried beneath other matter, they are superfluous. In music, as elsewhere, everything should have a reason, and for things without reason there can be no defense.

To sum up, Herr Bruch's *Lay of the Bell* is not a success. It has beauties, but they are outweighed by defects; and, as the composer writes in no particular manner, because that alone is his, it seems a pity that he did not live earlier, when lyrical gifts, exercised with simplicity and taste, might have served him well. For the present Herr Bruch has been blown away by his own storm, rent in pieces by his own "intensity." Romberg may sleep in peace. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

MUSICAL CLUBS OF HARVARD: THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

(Continued from page 148.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-PIERIAN.

AMONG all the advertising-boards which met the eye of the student as he ascended the steps of University Hall to evening prayers, notifying the meetings of the different college societies, none so arrested the attention of one of the youth who entered the college in 183-, as that which announced every Monday the rehearsals of the Pierian Sodality. Whatever of intellectual or convivial entertainment "Institute of 1770," "I. O. H.," "Porcellian Club," "Hasty Pudding Club," might promise, this signified to him that, amid the severer pursuits of university

life, some place would be permitted for the continued cultivation of the cherished art of music. At that time the flute was almost the only instrument played by gentlemen. The violin was held in small repute; so small, indeed, that one which the lad brought with him was very soon laid aside for the more popular instrument, to learn which was an almost indispensable accomplishment. Scarcely a sound but of flutes was heard. From these the gentle murmurings or liquid trills rose from every side of the quadrangle the moment the bell at twelve rang the close of morning study hours. A single piano, at which a graduate, a devoted amateur, rooming in Massachusetts, studied Beethoven's Sonatas, then just beginning to become known, seems now, with its superior character and capabilities, fitly to symbolize the advanced position already occupied by the critic who has ever since held the most influential musical pen in this community. The violin above referred to, and one other, with a violoncello, all by chance in the same class, and all afterwards associated together in the Sodality, were the only stringed instruments known among the students during the whole four years of the writer's college life. There had once been a serpent in the society; but as far back as 1833, no one having been found to play it for several years, it had been exchanged for a French horn. For this how a player was sometimes sought may be seen by the following vote: "Mr. —— was proposed as a member; but, it being stated that he wished to try the French horn before he was proposed and see how he liked it, we agreed to put off voting for him till next meeting, and to keep our old French horn a week longer for him."

On one occasion, in 1833, a double bass-viol was introduced by a gentleman, afterwards a judge, of which it is recorded, "it had a good effect, and was a great addition to the music of the club." There had also been bass-horns. One, spoken of as a "semi-brass monster," was exchanged for a "copper-brass horn," in 1834. Bass was always the prevailing want; and to supply it this instrument was from time to time placed in the hands of almost any one enterprising enough to learn the less than half a dozen notes required for the simple harmonies. But this was not always successful. In one instance, at least, it was dispensed with, because it "did not chord with the flutes." But at the time of the writer's connection with the club all these, double-bass, serpent, French horn, and bass-horn, had disappeared from the scene,¹ and nothing broke the monotony of the flutes excepting a single clarinet, which came in 1836 or 1837, and a trombone which one of the violinists had been forced to take up, the violoncello being not always available. It was not strange, perhaps, that this instrument should have exposed the performer to the charge of disturbing the quiet of his entry in Holworthy by his practice of the airs, with variations, from which he sought to acquire facility in its use; but it certainly betrayed an imperfect knowledge of the trombone in the president, when he gravely, with searching eye, interrogated the offender,—had he not been amusing himself by "blowing it the wrong way?"

The Pierians held their rehearsals in Number 6 University Hall. The faculty at one time forbade them the use of this room, having ordered the doors of the hall to be closed in the evening on account of some damage done within the building by the "Euphradians." But a remonstrance was sent up and the privilege restored. For unexcused absence a small fine was imposed.

¹ Of the ultimate fate of these instruments the writer has no knowledge; but there remains a tradition of one of the French horns that, after having been for some time missing, it was discovered, on the departure of its last player, in inglorious repose in his coal-closet.

To govern the playing cannot have been a difficult task. In 1833 they once made trial of a metronome, which, thought the secretary, "is likely to do us much good in keeping time, when we get used to it." It may be gathered from the records that the musicians, either from love of fun, or under the influence of enthusiasm, would sometimes take liberties with, or go astray from, their notes in a manner which could not be allowed in a well regulated orchestra. Now and then a visitor, perhaps from the "Pierian Glee Club," entertained them with a song; as when "Mr. H—— sang with great applause the beautiful air of 'The Mellow Horn,' accompanied by — and — on flutes."

No small pleasure was it after one of these rehearsals to come out under the piazza and give their fellow students a touch of their quality; and then the sudden swell of music floating from in front of University Hall across the silent yard would be echoed back with hearty hand-clapping all along the windows of the buildings opposite.

Special delight the Pierians took in their more elaborate serenades. These were not confined to Cambridge, but extended to Watertown, Brookline, Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Boston, etc. Excursions of this sort would, of necessity, be protracted far into the night. Not seldom, indeed, long after daybreak, "the chiding of the sharp-tongued bell" for morning prayers was heard by the returning vagrants, summoning them, just within sight of their longed-for rooms, with tired limbs, to the duties of a new day. For these expeditions even the chill air of March and April was not too harsh; but in the balmy nights of early summer the rural quiet of the old village, not yet dreaming of street-cars and a thickly peopled Dana Hill, with the scarcely less unbroken stillness of Otis, Winthrop, and Chauncy Places, of Franklin Street, of Beacon Street, wherever, in short, dwelt celebrated belles, was interrupted by the delicate strains of the little group of players, who found a sufficient reward in the sound of a window raised, a blind thrown open, or any other indication that the sleepers were alert. The recollection of every one who took part in them will supply him with abundant incidents of these romantic excursions, oftentimes sufficiently amusing; such as the lavingish of the tender strains at the wrong house (as when once the leader, not familiar with the arsenal yard, drew up the band before the gun-room instead of the commander's quarters); or upon the ears of the servant-maids when the ladies were away (as when Judge Y's family had not yet come from the party at Judge Z's); the encountering of another company of serenaders (as happened once in Brookline, where the jealous later comers diverted themselves by taking a drive Tith the carriage and horses of their rivals); the disappointments, fatigues, hopes, exultations numberless; and many a hospitable mansion can tell how it welcomed in to a hastily improvised repast the players that had stolen upon its inmates with such sweet harmony as the night becomes.

But it was upon exhibition days the Pierians sought to achieve their highest honors. The order of exercises on these days usually gave ten or twelve parts to the declamations and three to music, besides the introductory performance while the faculty were taking their seats. July 17, 1839, when, having had a large accession to their stock of tunes, they were ambitious to display them, and managed to introduce an unusual number into the programme, they were charged by the corrector of the proof with making an "innovation;" but, says the secretary, "the audience did not attempt to frown out of countenance the innovation, nor has it come to our

ears since that any one thought we played too much."

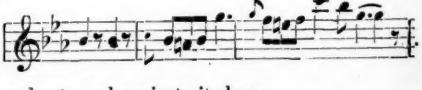
In preparation for the day, the pieces which had been selected by a committee for performance were diligently practiced at extra meetings as well as on the stated evenings, commonly also once just before the day in the organ loft, between twelve and one o'clock, and again in the morning before the hour of beginning the exercises. These were held in the chapel in University Hall; and the dignity of the occasion to all the musicians, especially to him whose distinction it happened to be in the capacity of first flute to lead the band, cannot easily be overrated, at the present moment, when from behind the green curtains of their little gallery the procession, headed by President Quincy in cap and gown, was seen to enter at the southerly door, the line of half a dozen flutes stretching along the front seat struck up the grand march in El Hyder, esteemed the most imposing of all their introductory pieces. From Helicon's harmonious rills no richer stream of music flowed along. On melody like that the Muses from their sacred seats with favor might look down. Here are the first bars of the grand march in El Hyder:—



This stately opening was followed by some piece in livelier time (the selections at each playing consisted always of one slow and one quick movement), a waltz, or quickstep, in the same key. Every one who attended exhibitions in those days must often have heard a quickstep by Walsch that began in this way:—



and may remember how charmingly it dropped directly upon the chord of E-flat:—



and returned again to its key:—



And this waltz:—



And this, which was No. 53:—



One of these went by the name of Twelfth Waltz; but why twelfth, or whose, who can tell?

In all this the part of third flute was not very exacting. Beyond the sense of fulfilling a duty, there could have been little satisfaction, one

would think, in playing whole pages of bars like this : —



varied only by the change of time or key. It is amusing to recall what elegant and costly flutes, with long extent of silver-keyed magnificence, were put to this seemingly uninteresting though indispensable service; yet *flauto terzo*, beyond a doubt, would look back to these monotonous bars with as true pleasure as *primo*. The violins, it may be mentioned, afterwards helped to supply this "light time," as we called it, with good effect.

The musicians' gallery projected from the northerly wall, high up near the ceiling, and directly over the pulpit where the president took his seat, the platform for the speakers being just below him. The entrée to the gallery was a coveted privilege, not alone because the occupants bore so important a part in the services, but also because from between the curtains the eye could range unobserved over the assembled beauty that graced the benches of the hall below, or the pews in the professors' gallery opposite, where were congregated in large numbers, to witness the débuts of their young friends, the fashionable dames and damsels of Cambridge and vicinity.

Once there was a narrow escape from a miss in the *præludium*, from the tarrying too long at the wine : "An hour before exhibition we met in the organ-loft to see how it sounded. We were delighted with our playing; and to prove our delight we adjourned to the Preses' room to pledge each other in a bumper and also to take courage. Whilst we were pleasantly chatting we heard the bell toll for the entrance of the faculty. We ran as hard as we could to get into the loft before they could get in the chapel, but unfortunately they had the shortest distance to go and were already seated when (out of breath) we seized our instruments and began to blow as hard as the state of our lungs permitted; but Madame Discord had already taken possession of our instruments and made us perform horribly. We were in despair, and sneaked off without being seen by the audience. In our first tune we felt a great deal the absence of the first horn. The rest of the playing went off pretty well, and made up, in some degree, for our bad playing."

(To be concluded.)

REAL AND IDEAL IN FRENCH ART.

(From a Private Letter.)

ANYTHING more celestial than our sail from Geneva to Vevey, cannot be imagined. The smell of the lindens and orange blossoms that pours in at our window now is a sort of chrism in itself. I don't think there can be a better preparation for the enjoyment of nature than a slight course of French Art. It seems to me the French had better stick to naturalism and realism; in that they are masters. Zola is an epoch making man, and will suffice to counterbalance all the idealists who can do for twenty years to come; Cherbuliez cannot touch him. The modern idealists do not seem to feel that idealism must have a real basis; that to be a good idealist, you must be a realist and something more. The French idealists swim vaguely in mid-air, and talk only words. They have too little real meaning in them; it is not true idealism, but mere fantasticism and sentimentalism. Hugo is the latest man who could start from the earth and really soar; the others climb up on a ladder of sentiment; when they have got to the top, they knock it out from beneath themselves, and then down they come. I do not wonder that the realists occupy them-

selves so much with what is vile. Zola's dirt and squalid misery are human and refreshing after foundationless fine sentiment and aimless enthusiasm. Only it must be admitted that the realists look at life too much from below, like the sloth, which passes its life on the under-side of branches. Let it seem natural for man to look up, rather than down, even as his face is turned to the sky. If the idealists, who spend so much of their time in the air, would only sometimes look downward, they might do the world good service; but they don't; they still keep their faces turned skyward, and, as Hauff very rightly says, they see — nothing.

Of the French heroic painters, David seems to me to be the most pleasing. He is too grandiloquent, but he has genuine sincerity and a great deal of elegance; he moreover preserves the importance of his figures, and does not waste his powder on *mise-en-scène*. His pictures have a focus. Of the classic masters, Raphael pleases me less and less, compared with his companions. If Andrea del Sarto had not been bedeviled by his beast of a wife, he would have been able to put Raphael in his pocket! A man who could paint children as he did must have had a good fund of purity in him. W. F. A.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIII.

(On a Criticism of Millet and French Art.)

ART is not an exotic, and we must receive it through the channels by which it has come to us. America has no opinion — has not gone far enough; has no place in the art-world; is a student and a beginner, and is always handled with the greatest gentleness on account of her youth. If we are going to turn up our noses against nations that have done everything, we go against our advantage. Our acts will be like those of an idiotic monkey, who, because he can't crack a cocoa-nut shell, throws it away. It is dangerous for a young nation to turn anything to ridicule. To develop Art, the first thing is to shut our eyes and not think of it, instead of being so forth-putting, and spending our energy in broiling about.

What rank does America hold in the art-world to-day as art-critic? Before a nation slurs a country like France, it ought to have a reputation. There is no criticism here. There is a good deal of growling and talking against French Art, but nobody takes up the subject and handles it with any intelligence.

One test of an art-criticism is that it shall be valuable anywhere in the world. Nothing should be written against masters without being weighed.

"Now, little boys, look at your books. Don't open your eyes and look over there at French Art! I have seen it, and I know that it is not good."

A man who has studied Art in France and been familiar with the French way of studying it, ought to know something of the subject. I don't believe there is one man capable of earning his living with his brush who hasn't the greatest respect for Art as it is understood in France. It is not absurd for a Frenchman to say anything against American Art, but it is absurd for an American to say anything against French Art.

If we want prune-boxes painted, we can't get them done here. It is so much cheaper for a man to say that he doesn't like Shakespeare or Michel Angelo than it is to write a poem or paint a picture. We have had enough of this kind of talk. We want men capable of making

things that will be received in any part of the world.

We don't want our critics to be diminutives of Ruskin. We can tolerate a good deal from Mr. Ruskin, because he gives us so much that is beautiful and interesting; and his knowledge of Nature and his interest in Art are great.

But let us paint our opinion on canvas, and not on the newspapers. It is very easy to avoid painting the way that Millet and Delacroix paint. In fact it would not be very easy to paint as Veronese painted.

William Blake says that the best of the English engravers were not capable of making their first etchings. They were always made and laid in by Frenchmen.

We don't say that the French are Greeks or Venetians; but if ever anybody handled a subject well, it was Jean François Millet.

Now, come! We are a young nation; we are trying to learn something, and we are perfectly aware that, as a people, we are rankly ignorant of Art. Would it not be better to let alone the different "schools" of the past, and go on, striving to learn something, so that we can be able to make a living, than to turn ourselves suddenly into judges of nations more capable than we are?

France might wish to be judged by her peers. She ought to have a chance. We assume to be her superiors. Why can't we show our work on canvas, and criticise French Art by making an art so superior to theirs that there'll be a call for it in Spain — or New Zealand?

The only way to arrive anywhere is to be modest. If we ever expect to be anything, we must keep our future open, so that we may learn from what is best. Imagine a freshman instructed, in his first lesson, to turn up his nose at French Art! That will not make a Michel Angelo of him when he comes to be a sophomore. There are a certain number of people in this world who find French Art good for something.

You have given your advice; I'll give mine. If you wish to teach drawing, go straight to France; and, when you've come to be so smart that you can teach there, I'll pay your expenses.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.

[Born March 31, 1824; died September 8, 1879.]

WHAT genius is, people have not found out yet. It has been styled a "capacity for taking pains;" but a man without it may take a great deal of pains and not convince us he has it.

It is intensity, a power of coming close to Nature and Life, and its bottom fact is Love.

But whatever it may be, we all feel that William Hunt had it. He did not have it in its usual American form, a gift of invention, or audacious speculation, for he was no Philistine. His was the old consecrated kind of genius, creative only in painting with a sympathetic charm which reached all who cared for what he did. This gift is so rare with the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially in America, that it will be long ere the fullness of our loss will be felt. It is the extinction of a great light; a fervent hand is cold; and the warmth which glowed through so many friends and disciples is like a trodden ember extinguished.

Already many appreciative sketches of the

master have been published, and more will follow, as friends find the leisure from grief to analyze and describe his powers.

Mournful as we are at such a removal, we must not forget to remember how opportune his life was. He partly created here, and partly found, that longing for artistic culture which is one of the striking facts of our day. He helped when help was most needed; and acting directly as he did upon so many minds, the pain and distress of his loss is felt as those indifferent to art can hardly imagine.

I shall not seek to characterize, now, his genius or his method of work. By what he did, by what he said, by what he wrote, that is largely apprehended. But I would notice one or two points of his career which naturally escape general observation.

From his earliest years his inclination for form showed itself, as soon as the penknife was laid aside, by cutting, in shell-cameo, portraits which were often faithful and beautiful. This led him, when he went abroad with his brothers, to select sculpture as the natural issue of his skill. But whether it be that the marble he invoked chilled his ardent nature, or that something within him was keeping him for other fields, he has left us little of importance in that branch of art. He studied with Pradier, a Genovese, who, more Parisian than any Frenchman, delighted the world with figures whose charm was their graceful naturalness. His chief work is the monument to Molière, where two female figures equalled all that was hoped of his skill, and will carry entwined with the name of Molière his own to future generations.

After a journey to the East, and during the sad days of depression in the cholera-infected air of Paris, the good genius of Mr. Hunt took from his hand the chisel, and placed there the brush. He found in Thomas Couture a manly and simple method for painting, which, with the acquaintance later with the profounder genius of Millet, made the school in which he grew to the noble artist we all admired. Something he had of these two men; but happily also much of his own, without which he could not have influenced as he did. His method was large, suggestive, of great breadth and simplicity. He never was a great colorist, nor would one call Millet such; but they both aimed at character, and attained it.

His temperament was wholly artistic. He saw, he felt, he created. There was the same flash in his touch that there was in his speaking eye, the same emphasis that there was in his cordial and ringing voice. He was all over not only a man, but one different from others, a nature not repeated, copied from none, and one to be found nowhere else.

It has not been remarked, I believe, how much the early habit of modelling from the form has been of use to him through life. He did not think of an object as a flat, as many do, but of something which one can walk round. We feel the same thing in the Sistine figures of Michel Angelo.

His electric temper forbade "niggling." He could not even finish as a more equal nature might have done. He felt this, but he was loyal to his own temperament, and would not accommodate the public with smooth and uninspired work. When he had

done, he left a picture. It was done by a jet, and he would not piece the fiery mould with the cold metal of a later hour.

In conclusion, I will merely say that in France, where art is so honored, it is the custom, when a great painter dies, to collect his works, no possessor of them daring to refuse, in a single exhibition, — a monument and an ovation at the same time, to one of Heaven's choicest gifts, — a noble nature and a genius which continues to inspire, long years after the remorseless grave has seized and made what was perishable its own.

T. G. A.

NAHANT, September 15, 1879.

These words, from one most competent to write on such a theme, — a theme so rich, so sad, — are better than anything which we could write of our great painter (who also had much music in his nature), whose death is felt so deeply and so widely by all who knew him as an artist of rare genius, and as a genial, cordial, frank, and independent man, — one with whom to love the beautiful was to create, to reproduce, — one whose presence, like his work, was cheering and inspiring.

Happily, "though dead, he yet speaketh," not only through his masterly creations, but in these very columns, through those pregnant, quickening, and frequently original words which sprang from him in the course of his instructions to his pupils, and which one of the most devoted and intelligent of these, Miss Helen M. Knowlton, has so faithfully recorded, and is now contributing to each number of our JOURNAL. These "Talks on Art" took place mostly a few years ago, but they now appear in print for the first time, and they are as fresh as if uttered to day. Miss Knowlton's stock of notes is not yet exhausted, and the "Talks" will still continue to enrich our columns. Naturally they will be sought and read with a new interest henceforth.

Gladly would we fill a whole number of the paper with the many tender and appreciative tributes which have been paid to the dear friend and noble artist, — the *master*, if we had one, in his art, — in almost every paper that we open. For the present we select the following, which will interest many of our readers who may not have seen it in the *Courier* of September 14.

THE LAST YEAR OF WILLIAM HUNT'S LIFE.

The month of June, 1878, found him at Niagara Falls, painting sketches of great power and even sublimity. The trip was taken as a needed recreation after a long winter's work in the studio. It was his intention, after leaving Niagara, to go to Europe for a short stay; but this plan was given up on the arrival of the commission to paint two large panels for the new Assembly Chamber at Albany. At first, Mr. Hunt seriously objected to undertaking the work. He had not the health and strength, neither had he pursued such a course of study as would enable him to complete so important a work in so short a period of time. He constantly replied, "I am not the man;" but Lieutenant-Governor Dorshemer was not to be thwarted in his splendid plan, and Mr. Hunt was at last persuaded to submit his designs to the committee, who received them with enthusiasm. He left Niagara and went to Boston, where he spent the entire summer, studying his compositions for the great panels. Few people are aware of the immense amount of work required for the preliminary study of such large paintings, and most any other artist would have demanded two years for the completion of the work.

It was expected that the staging would be ready for him by the first of September, and he strained every nerve to be able to meet the occasion. People who saw him at that time found him literally "on the heights," in a severe, classical mood. More than one said, "In a year's time he will not be alive."

September 1, 1878, found him with characteristic punctuality, ready to go to Albany, the two compositions painted on large canvases with an effect that he hoped to reproduce in grand size on the somewhat ill-lighted panels of the Assembly Chamber. But a tiresome delay occurred, by which the necessary staging could not be made ready for him until after the middle of October, thus allowing the artist less

than sixty working days in which to complete the great work.

Mr. Hunt was earnestly besought not to undertake such a superhuman task; and, for a time, expected to be able only to broadly sketch in the designs, and to leave them curtailed during the inauguration. But those who knew him can understand how he threw himself into the work with tremendous energy, tempered by intense thought and keenly critical taste, and would see how impossible it was for him to rest for a moment while the spell was on him. Work went on, sometimes even in the night, and Sundays only were given to driving and change of scene. One brief vacation of two or three days saw him in Boston, keenly absorbing Michael Angelo's *Dy*, studying the turn and shortening of the foot, which caught his eye and seemed to remind him of the foot of the sleeping mother in his own *Flight of Night*, "thirsting," as he said, "for knowledge which he so much needed," feeling how little he knew and how great the work he had undertaken. Never forgetting to express his delight in the work which he enjoyed as only a man can enjoy who possessed so eminently the creative faculty. Never forgetting to speak with delight of his co-workers in Albany, and of the helpfulness of every one concerned. Of the committee he said, "Their applause makes me modestly hopeful of success."

And success came. Even professional enemies and carpers were silenced. No other living man could have done it.

Feeling never so well, never so ready for work, he took no rest after this great exertion, but settled down in his Boston studio, and, in January and February, painted his last portraits — one, fortunately, of himself.

As spring came on, his energy failed, and nervous prostration followed, from which he never recovered. With the best of care he lingered on, month after month, unable to do more than occasionally write some business note, and feeling that he "should never touch a brush again." To him life meant work, and work meant life, and notwithstanding his cheerful and apparent hopefulness, there was an underlying current of sorrow at the thought that his work was done.

Whether his drowning was accidental or not may certainly never be known. But enough has not been said of his extremely weak physical condition, with depression so great as to closely border on possible insanity.

HELEN M. KNOWLTON.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

THE thirty-third of these famous triennial musical festivals, which took place on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of August, seems to have shown some failing off in interest. A correspondent of the London *Times* complains of three things in which reform has long been needed. He says (1) that "repetition of a few works, masterpieces though they be, appears absolutely unwarrantable;" (2) that, "besides a single Symphony of Beethoven, the splendid body of musicians was independently employed only in the performance of a few of the most familiar overtures, such as are heard at every promenade concert;" and (3) that "the dignity of the festival was not increased by the amount of time granted to the singers for the purpose of mere vocal display." *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, and *Israel in Egypt* were the oratorios, — the first two everybody knows by heart in England. With the former the festival opened on Tuesday morning, and, strange to say, the local critics write about it through several long newspaper columns as if it were something wholly new, giving its whole history from its first production at the same festival in 1846. Yet the sale of tickets this time fell much below that of the festival three years ago. Even *Elijah* is becoming an old story even to John Bull! Or at least he is learning to feel that there can be too much even of a good thing (unless it be of Bach or Beethoven)! The performance seems to have been in all respects satisfactory. The principal solo singers were: Soprano, Mme. Gerster; contralto, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mme. Patey; tenor, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Vernon Rigby; bass, Mr. Santley. Mme. Gerster was heard for the first time in oratorio, at least in the English language. The *Times* says:

On this account her decided success was all the more remarkable. At the beginning her voice seemed to suffer a little from the effect of nervousness, but too natural in the circumstances, but no trace of this remained as soon as her

first solo, "What have I to do with thee?" was reached. The beautiful melody, in which the widow of Zarephath implores the prophet's help for her son, was delivered with an impressive simplicity as truly dramatic as it was free from all operatic exaggeration. Although far removed from the bravura style in which Madame Gerster excels, the music is well adapted to her voice, and her declamation also was deserving of high praise, especially if the novelty of the idiom is considered. The same remarks of unreserved commendation apply to the delivery of the soprano air, "Hear ye, Israel," at the commencement of the second part; but, perhaps, even more remarkable than either was the purity of intonation with which the, in that respect, extremely difficult utterances of the Youth, "There is nothing, etc., were delivered." According to the etiquette obtaining at the sacred concerts, no marks of approval were given by the audience, but the impression produced by Madame Gerster, and, indeed, by most of the other artists, was nevertheless distinctly discernible.

In the evening was given one of the two principal novelties of the festival, Max Bruch's Cantata: "The Lay of the Bell" (Schiller), conducted by himself. In another column we have copied what appears to be a very just criticism of the work, which, though new to Birmingham, was first heard (as Op. 45) in May, 1878, at Cologne. The solos were sung by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Rigby, and Herr Henschel (as Master Founder). The *Musical Standard* says: —

At the first hearing we were convinced of Herr Bruch's complete mastery of the art of writing for the orchestra; his intimacy with the most elaborate contrapuntal resources; his felicity in descriptive writing for voices, for instruments, and for both combined; his genuine and deep appreciation of his subject, and of his determination not to write down to the public, but to endeavor to lift his hearers to the contemplation of art pure and simple. We felt, however, that in the solo parts there is a lack of anything individual or striking, and the solos seemed to us to have been written almost expressly for the purpose of uniting the links of the story; the cantata is also overburdened with recitative. One of our Birmingham contemporaries suggests that Herr Bruch has been over anxious to show that he belonged to the rigidly classical school; we think, rather, that he has sat humbly, though still most effectually, at the feet of Richard Wagner. The brief *Leitmotive*, with which the *Master Founder* is allied — like that of *Herveard* in Mr. Prout's new cantata — would suggest this, if nothing else did; but the long recitative passages, and the absence of any single solo with a clearly-defined and well-developed subject, suggest still more emphatically the erratic *Meister* who, after growing weary of the hardness of heart and persistent unbelief of the old world, is pathetically appealing to the new one. The solos are some of them very beautiful, but they are valuable only because they are links in a strong iron chain, and do not seem to us to be forged of such precious metal that they would be eagerly sought for whether in the chain or alone. This may not be a fault — we do not say that it is, and of course a composer has a perfect right to do what to him seems best; but the solos in "The Lay of the Bell" are not all or nearly all beautiful, in the sense that the adagios of Beethoven's or Mozart's piano sonatas, or the andantes of Spohr's violin concertos, are beautiful. The choruses are broad and grand — those descriptive of the house-burning, and of the rising of the lawless mob, are sublime — at any rate, they had a sublime effect as performed by the Birmingham band and chorus.

The second part of the concert offered a miscellaneous and hackneyed selection: Overtures to *Sémiramide* and *Fra Diavolo*; Air, "Nymphes attentes," from Gounod's *Polyeucte* (Mr. Lloyd); Duet from *Il Giuramento* (Miss Williams and Mme. Patey); Air from *The Magic Flute*: "Gli angui d'Inferno" (Mme. Gerster); Air, "Caro mio ben," Giordani (Mme. Patey); "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Miss Williams); Duet from Balfe's *Talismano* (Mme. Gerster and Mr. Lloyd).

Wednesday morning was occupied with Rossini's sensuous and melodious Opera of *Moses in Egypt* metamorphosed into an English Oratorio (!), of which, perhaps, the less said the better here, since we have known it in the same nondescript form only too well ourselves in times gone by. The singers at Birmingham were Mme. Sherrington, as Anais; Mme. Trebelli, as Zilah; Miss Anna Williams, as Sinais; Mr. Santley, Moses; Herr Henschel, Pharaoh; Mr. Lloyd, Amenophis; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Aaron, and Mr. Bridson, Osiris. The evening concert pre-

sented the same vocal solo artists in the following mixed and lengthy programme: —

Symphony, (No. 7)	Beethoven.
Song, "Anges du Paradis" (Mireille)	Gounod.
Song, "Che faro" (Orfeo)	Gluck.
Trio, "Qual Volutta" (I Lombardi)	Verdi.
Air, "Celeste Aida"	Verdi.
Trio, "Tremati, empi, tremate"	Verdi.
Air, "In veder l'amata stanza" (Mignon)	Beethoven.
Finale, "Ah non credea mirarti" (Son-nanubula)	Thomas.
Part Song, "The Silent Land"	Bellini.
Overture, Concert overture, in F	A. R. Gaul.
Duo, "Ah se di mal i miei" (Tancredi)	Dr. C. S. Heap.
Solo and chorus, "Where the pine-trees wave" (Faust)	Rossini.
Air, "Dalla sua pace"	Schumann.
Duo, "Canta la Serenata" (Mefistofele)	Mozart.
Air, "Au bruits des lourds marteaux" (Philemon and Baucis)	Boito.
Song, "Mi tradi" (Don Giovanni)	Gounod.
Ballad, "My love far away"	Mozart.
Duo, "Dove vai?" (Guillaume Tell)	Balfe.
Quartet, "A te o cara" (I Puritani)	Rossini.
	Bellini.

The new feature of the programme was the Overture, in F, by Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, who was a "Mendelssohn scholar," at Leipzig. The *Standard* says of it: —

It opens with an introduction of a placid character; con poco allegro, the horns giving out the dominant pianissimo, followed at the last beat in the bar by the strings muted. Some very tasteful polyphonic writing follows, relieved by light passages for the wood wind, while a short figure assigned first to the clarinet and bassoon, then to the flute, oboe, and horns, prepares the ear for the first principal subject, which enters at the twenty-ninth bar, the measure changing to 12-8, the time to allegro grazioso. This theme is very graceful and melodious, and is started by the strings, with coloring passages for the softer wind instruments. Some development follows, and the subject is repeated forte, the trumpets, trombones, and drums entering with fine eff et, while contrast is obtained by beautiful, episodic passages, piano. The whole is of a very animated character, which, in preparing the entry for the second theme, gradually subsides into quiet chords for the wind, with strings pizzicato; the first bassoon gives a farewell fragment of the first theme as the strings enter the dominant of the new key (C); the first violin plays alone a syncopated passage, ushering in a new theme, equally graceful with the first, which is taken up by the flutes, followed by the strings a third lower; this is followed by a subordinate theme of a different character — a true cantabile — given out by the cello and oboe, accompanied with a short figure, which, divided between the first and second violins, is very flowing; the theme is then worked out with much skill, and the first part is brought to a close with a brilliant climax. The thematic development, or free fantasia, as it is generally called, which follows, is very masterly from the musician's stand-point, and most interesting to the listener; the second theme is mostly employed, a very skillful application of the latter portion thereof giving great animation to this part, and the effect is increased by a striking modulation of the remote key of F sharp. The orchestral treatment is throughout exceedingly good. This portion ends with a pedal passage of twelve bars, poco tranquillo, during which parts of the second theme are heard from the bassoon, clarinet, and first violin; after a pause the first theme is resumed, and the proper recapitulation follows; there is varied orchestral treatment, the climax is more extended, and is followed by a coda vivace — really presto — introducing a new motive, which brings the overture to a close in a most spirited and brilliant manner. Dr. Heap, who conducted, met with a hearty round of applause on appearing in the orchestra, and was honored with a recall at the conclusion of the performance.

Handel's *Messiah* formed the crowning height, the Mont Blanc, in the middle of the festival (Thursday morning). The solo artists were Miss Anna Williams and Mme. Sherrington, Mmes. Trebelli and Patey; Mr. Joseph Maas; Herr Henschel and Mr. Santley. It goes without saying that the *Messiah* is always grandly given at Birmingham. We see that some of the critics of the London press complain of being slighted by the management in sending them no tickets for the *Messiah* and *Elijah*; was it not considerate on the part of the management not to put these veteran reporters under any implied obligation to hear and write long, fulsome columns about great works of which they have said their say a hundred times?

The evening programme offered the new Cantata, composed for the festival by Saint-Saëns, sandwiched between several thicknesses of the

same sort of miscellany as in the previous evenings, to wit: —

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"	Nicolai.
Duet, "Pronta io son" ("Don Pasquale")	Donizetti.
Song, "Bianca al par" ("Gli Ugonotti")	Meyerbeer.
Part Song, "The sea hath its pearls"	Pinsuti.
Cantata, "The Lyre and the Harp"	Saint-Saëns.

Overture, "William Tell" Rossini.

Air, "Un aura amorosa" ("Così fan tutte") Mozart.

Duo, "Una remota vagr (remembranza)"

("Fliegender Holländer") Wagner.

Air, "Oh, 't is a glorious sight" ("Oberon") Weber.

Song, "Ombra leggiara" ("Dinorah") Meyerbeer.

Trio, "Che fate qui Signor" ("Faust") Gounod.

Air, "La Habanera" ("Carmen") Bizet.

Air, "Die zwei Grenadiere" Schumann.

Duo, "Mille piacer" ("Favorita") Donizetti.

Quintet, "Sento oh Dio" ("Così fan tutte") Mozart.

Of the Cantata by the brilliant Frenchman we have no room to copy a description now, but may do so hereafter.

Friday, the fourth and last day, was after all the great day of the festival, if we measure by the solidity and sterling quality of the selections. These were: in the morning, Cherubini's *Requiem* in C minor, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, separated by Schubert's *Salve Regina* (Op. 47), and the Offertorium, *Date Sonitum*, by Sir Michael Costa, the veteran conductor of these triennial festivals for many years.

— "SANZIO." — The beautiful poem, which has occupied the first page of our journal continuously for four months, comes to an end to-day; and we fancy many of our readers, who are lovers of fine poetry, will regret the non-continuance of its fortnightly installments. Its theme is Raphael in the last years of his life, and his "Fornarina," here called Benedetta. The poem is not without historical foundation, although it is mainly the product of the poet's own imagination. It forms a worthy companion piece to "Angelo," which celebrates the love of Michel Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, by the same author, which was published in a beautiful small volume by Houghton, Osgood & Co., about two years ago. We trust that "Stuart Sterne" (whose prose name is Miss Gertrude Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y.) will be induced to republish "Sanzio" in the same form. We have received many assurances from appreciative men and women of the sincere pleasure they have found in reading it. Just now, this last instalment, describing the gloom which fell over all Rome on the death of Raphael, may be read here with peculiar interest; its solemn music chimes too well with what we all feel, suddenly bereft of our own noble artist.

LYCEUM BUREAU CONCERTS. — The time was when the "Lyceum" was a sober, useful, New England Institution, in all the large and many of the small towns, devoted purely to the instruction and improvement of the people. The best thinkers and men of literature and science were engaged to lecture, not for the sake of exhibiting the men, and gratifying an idle curiosity to see each notoriety in person, but for the sake of the solid, quickening matter which the lecture might contain. Perhaps the practice grew monotonous and needed a new stimulus, an infusion of new life, — "attraction" is what the showmen call it. At all events the Lyceum has fallen into the hands of the showmen, who, under the name of Bureaux, have for some years made it a field for speculation. Not only do they act as lecture brokers, taking commission from the lecturer on the one hand and the audiences on the other, but they have substituted amusement for instruction, personal exhibition for intrinsic worth of matter (or, as the Germans have it, intellect-

ual *Inhalt*, ideal contents), and sensational "attraction" for wholesome, mental food.

Of late they have gone much further, and not content with reducing the lecture to a mere incidental figure in the programmes, and even then inviting a man to lecture to us not for what he has to tell us, but only to give us a chance to gaze at him, they have undertaken a certain nondescript style of concert-giving. Here, too, it is not music as such, music for its own sake, that is held up to tempt us, but only the array of brilliant galaxies of star performers, virtuosos, famous singers, violinists, or pianists; it is the artists, not the art. What the programmes are is easily imagined.

So the Lyceum has lost its legitimacy as a lecture institution, while it has taken up music in a way not less equivocal, in spite of the many names of famous artists paraded in its advertisements. We doubt whether the lecture business, as now administered, does much good; and we feel sure that the true cause of music, of musical taste and progress among our people, is more put back than forwarded by these sensational and miscellaneous displays of prima donnas out of place.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18.—After a long interval, I am again in the home city, and happy to send a little note, with greeting, to the JOURNAL. September calls the musicians back to their various duties, and activity once more is the happy condition of the musical world. On all sides I hear the pleasing indications of new life and promise; for our musical societies are preparing for the coming season, the music schools are opening, and conductors, teachers, and singers are awakening to fresh and hearty efforts for the art they love. The outlook is good, and I can safely predict more fine music, and a larger number of musical entertainments than we have ever had before in the same length of time.

The Beethoven Society is preparing for its winter's work, and has undertaken the production of the following compositions: Max Bruch's latest work, illustrating Schiller's "The Lay of the Bell;" "Cinderella," by Heinrich Hoffman; "Paradise Lost," by Rubinstein; Parker's "Redemption Hymn;" and Goldmark's "Festival March," from the "Queen of Sheba." All these works will be novelties in Chicago, and as they will be presented with orchestral accompaniments, I think they will prove very interesting and enjoyable. Besides the three large concerts during the season, this society will give monthly reunions, devoted to chamber music, at which we are to have, besides the quartets of the old classic masters, many new things, such as—a quintet by Seambote; a quartet by Robert Fuchs; and quintets by Raff and Saint-Saëns. Knowing of the hearty efforts of this society to make this season a notable one, we can well look forward to the production of the works selected with the expectation of much pleasure.

The Apollo Club is not one whit behind its sister society, for the chorus membership is complete, and they are hard at work in preparing for the coming season. They will give the *Messiah* at Christmas time, and possibly *The Creation* before. The complete list for the season will not be announced until all their engagements with solo talent are made. It is not unlikely, however, that they will also give a work by Max Bruch, either a repetition of *The Fridtjof Sogn*, which they gave so finely last year, or a new composition. They will have an orchestral accompaniment at each concert, and from their uniform excellent work in the past, we all anticipate even greater things from them this season.

A new impetus is being given to musical enterprises in our city, from the fact that a large Music Hall will be completed this fall, and fill a need that we have felt quite seriously ever since our great fire. The new hall is centrally located on the corner of State and Randolph streets, on the south side of our city, and from its imposing appearance promises to be a fine building. The hall will hold comfortably some two thousand people. It is to contain a large organ, and will thus be of great service to our choral societies. I am promised an early view of the inside of the hall, and it will be my pleasure to transmit a pen-picture of it to the readers of the JOURNAL.

At Hershey Hall, we are to have a number of organ recitals by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, and also some chamber concerts. This new departure, in the introduction of chamber music, is a step in the right direction; and as the management of the Hershey School have such a pretty little hall at their disposal, I am sure that if this undertaking is wisely carried out, it will fill a want that has been long experienced in our city. Mr. Emil Liebling will shortly give a number of piano-forte recitals, and as I have seen an outline of his

programme, I can mention that they include works from the representative composers from the old masters to the new compositions of living men, and are rich in variety as well as excellent in taste.

In regard to Opera, we are promised visits from the Mapleson and the Strakosch companies, while the English troupes, "The Emma Abbott," and the "American Opera Company," will surely come too, as will Opera Bouffe and *Pinafore* companies, *ad infinitum*. The weak point in our musical season seems to be in regard to symphony concerts. As yet the organization that was formed for this end has been unable to agree to any positive plan by which an adequate orchestra may be formed, a conductor engaged, and a programme for the year laid out. Too many different opinions seem to be at variance with one another; and, while no one can be blamed individually, it is a fact that, collectively, the members are at fault, if they are really in earnest in their expressed desire to promote the cause of good music in our city. It is to be hoped, however, that a concerted effort will yet be made to establish an orchestra that shall be able to supply our needs in regard to symphony concerts. With continued and well directed efforts the banner of success may yet gladden the earnest workers, who are yet but struggling for a foothold for what is best in their art.

A new school, called the "Drexall Academy of Musical Art," has come into being during the summer. Mr. James Gill, Mr. Heman Allen, Mr. Von Klengen, Miss Lowell, Miss Carey, and the writer, have its interests at heart. Our hope is to do a good work, and promote a taste for what is beautiful in music among the students intrusted to our direction. From humble beginnings, perhaps, shall arise the foundation of a permanent work.

C. H. B.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN will visit the United States in November, and during his stay here will direct the performance of one or more of his works at a concert by the Handel and Haydn Society, about Thanksgiving time.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The twenty-second Annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association has been the focus of general interest in the "Heart of the Commonwealth" during the five days from Monday to Friday of the week now past; indeed it has attracted thither numerous pilgrims from Boston and more distant places. It opened with a very large attendance, and with every promise of success. We hope to give a full report hereafter.

The following artists and vocal and instrumental organizations were expected to take part:—

Sopranos—Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mrs. H. F. Knowles, Miss Ida W. Hubbell, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Edith Abell.

Contralto—Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, Mrs. Isabella Palmer Fassett, Mrs. A. W. Porter.

Tenors—Theo. J. Toedt, Alfred Wilkie, A. D. Woodruff, George Ellard, G. J. Parker, G. W. Want.

Baritones and Basses—W. H. Beckett, John F. Winch, D. M. Babcock, Clarence E. Hay, L. H. Chubbuck, W. C. Baird.

The New York Glee Club—A. D. Woodruff, W. C. Baird, George Ellard, G. E. Aiken.

The Schubert Quartette—G. J. Parker, G. W. Want, L. H. Chubbuck, D. M. Babcock.

Senior Diaz Albertini, violinist; Miss Lettie Launder, violinist; Herr S. Liebling, pianist; E. B. Perry, pianist.

Eichberg Quartette (Instrumental)—Miss Lillian Chandler, Miss Lettie Launder, Miss Abbie Shepardson, Miss Lillian Shattuck.

The Germania Orchestra—Thirty performers.

Piano and Organ Accompanists—B. D. Allen, E. B. Story, G. W. Sumner.

Carl Zerrahn, Conductor.

And this was the order of the concerts:—

Monday afternoon, Sept. 22.—Eichberg Quartette, Mrs. H. F. Knowles, soprano; Mrs. A. W. Porter, contralto; Mr. C. E. Hay, basso; Miss Lettie Launder, solo violinist.

Tuesday afternoon—Schubert Quartette, Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano; Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, contralto; Messrs. Sumner and Allen, organists.

Wednesday afternoon,—The New York Glee Club, Miss Edith Abell, soprano; Mrs. Isabella Palmer Fassett, contralto; Mr. E. B. Perry, solo pianist.

Wednesday evening,—Grand Chorus of the Festival, New York Glee Club, Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano; Mrs. Louise Finch Hardenburg, contralto; Mr. Alfred Wilkie, tenor; Senior Diaz Albertini, solo violinist.

Thursday afternoon,—Gounod's "Messe Solenelle." Grand Chorus, Mrs. H. M. Smith, soprano; Mr. A. Wilkie, tenor; Mr. W. H. Beckett, basso; Germania Orchestra.

Friday afternoon,—Grand Chorus, Germania Orchestra; Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Mr. T. J. Toedt, tenor; Mr. W. H. Beckett, basso.

Friday afternoon,—Symphony Concert. Germania Orchestra; Grand Chorus, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Herr S. Liebling, solo pianist.

Friday evening,—Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah." Grand Chorus; Germania Orchestra; Miss Ida W. Hub-

bell, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Theo. J. Toedt, tenor; John F. Winch, basso.

NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the *Advertiser* writes: In the way of orchestral music, although it is decided that Theodore Thomas is not dissatisfied with Cincinnati, and will not come back to live in New York, he will come every month to lead the Philharmonic concerts of Brooklyn and of New York, so that our venerable Philharmonic Society, which has steadily been losing ground for the last ten years, may regain, perhaps, something of its old fame. Dr. Damrosch will give six orchestral concerts, and so will Mr. Carlberg. This makes eighteen symphony concerts and eighteen public afternoon rehearsals. The Oratorio Society will give its usual four concerts, besides which our vocal societies will give their usual entertainments.

ABOUT OPERA, the London *Figaro* informs us: Lieut.-Col. Mapleson has settled his troupe for the United States as follows: Sopranos, Madame Gerster, Misses Valleria and Ambre; contraltos, Misses Cary and Robiati, and Madame Déméter Lablaiche; tenors, MM. Campanini and Runcie; basses, MM. Galassi, Del Puente, David, and perhaps, Behrens, and Signor Arditi as conductor. The company will probably be added to before it sails early next month. The chief operas to be performed will be "Lohengrin," "Talisman," and "Aida," the last with duplicates of the scenery and costumes devised for Her Majesty's Theatre by Signor Magnani.

THE performances of the Max Strakosch Italian Opera troupe for the season of 1879-80 will begin on Monday, October 6, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, with Mme. Theresa Singer, Mlle. Bianca Lablache and Marie Litta, as sopranos; Mlle. Anna de Belocca, contralto; Signori Riccardo, Petrovitch, Boldanza, and Lazzarini, tenors; Signori Enrico Storti and Gottschalk, baritones; and Signori Castlemary and Carl Formes, basses. Engagements have also been made with Miss Lancaster, Mr. W. H. Tilla, Signor Strini, and Signorina Arcena. The conductors are to be Mr. S. Behrens and Signor de Novellis. Of the former company Miss Kellogg remains in Europe, Mr. Conby joins Mr. Carl Rosa, and Signor Pantaleoni, Mr. Mapleson.

CINCINNATI.—The fall term of the College of Music, Theodore Thomas, Musical Director, with a faculty of some thirty teachers, begins October 14. During the season of 1879-80, there will be eight Symphony Concerts, eight public rehearsals of the same, and six Chamber Concerts by the String Quartette of the College. The programmes of the Symphony Concerts, so far as yet completed, are as follows:—

First Concert, Nov. 6, 1879.
Symphony, No. 1, B-flat, Op. 38 Schumann.
Recitative and Aria, "Faust" Spohr.
Triple Concerto, Op. 56 Beethoven.
(For Piano-forte, Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra.)
Vocal Number, "Siegfried" Wagner.
Kaiser Marsch Wagner.
(Orchestra and Chorus.)

Second Concert, Dec. 4, 1879.
Ode, "St. Cecilia's Day" Handel.
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)

Symphony, No. 5, C minor, Op. 67 Beethoven.

Third Concert, Dec. 25, 1879.
Oratorio, "Messiah" Handel.
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)

Fourth Concert, Jan. 8, 1880.
Second Symphony, D major, Op. 73 Brahms.
(With other works.)

Fifth Concert, Feb. 5, 1880.
Symphony, E-flat Mozart.
(With other works.)

Sixth Concert, March 4, 1880.
Cantata, { Actus Tragicus,
"God's Time is the Best" } Busch.
(Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.)

Symphony, No. 4, B-flat, Op. 60 Beethoven.
Choruses, "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" Wagner.

Seventh Concert, March 25, 1880.
Overture, "Anacreon" Cherubini.
Aria Mozart.
Symphony (Concertante) Mozart.
(For Violin, Viola, and Orchestra.)

Aria Raff.
Symphony, No. 3, "Im Walde" ("In the Woods"), Op. 153 Haydn.
Scenes from "Alceste" Gluck.

Eighth Concert, April 8, 1880.
Symphony Goldmark.

Scenes from "Alceste" Goldmark.

Symphony, "Landliche Hochzeit" Goldmark.

THE cathedral at Baltimore has abandoned the exclusive use of the Gregorian music, and will at once return to the modern style. The music of Gregory and Palestrina has formed the entire repertory of the choir for two years, the late Archbishop Bailey having devoted especial attention to its culture.

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